

The Critic and Good Literature

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Our "Forty Immortals."

WE had hoped to be able to announce in our issue of this date the result of the vote for 'Forty Immortals' to constitute a possible American Academy founded on the same general plan as the famous French Academy. The vote has been so heavy, however, and so many lists of names have been sent in at the last moment, that it is impossible to count them all and announce the result of the vote before going to press. Publication of the final list will consequently have to be postponed to next week. The names of the 'Forty Immortals' will appear in our issue of April 12.

The Literary Class in New York.

DISCUSSION of the literary man's position in society and among the men of other professions is always in order, but it is particularly pertinent at a season when the College Alumni Associations are at the height of their activity in dining and wining the itinerant tutor. Not that a college training is synonymous by any means with literary production, but that literary production looks for its best encouragement and finest values to the educated classes. The itinerant college tutor has a mysterious connection with the security and right appreciation of the literary man. The advent of the tutor, and, with him, the arrival of the perambulating president, should be hailed with joy by the producer in every intellectual field. Whatever stirs up an interest in these men and their work, acts upon the colleges; the latter act upon criticism and production,—broaden the intellectual basis of life, and lift the literary man as an artist into note and consideration,—and heaven knows how much an increased consideration of education as a necessity and of literature as a luxury is to be desired in the metropolis of America. London and Paris are valued to-day by the cultivated traveller, not for their expansive city halls, post-offices, and pauper island population, but for the finished expression of intellectual beauty and aspiration, for art and architecture, for the productions of genius, and for that weird spell which the high imagination fixes upon the haunts of man. Even Puritan Boston is sought out by the stranger as the old home of intellectual life in America—as having a history in art and literature, and a value in poetry and romance.

The idealizing faculty in man produces but a small part, perhaps, of his daily bread and butter; but after all, when a short grace has been said over the material bread and the material butter, the true thanksgiving goes up year long, and without stint, for the spiritual dessert, which is mainly due to the idealizing faculty. The college tutor, when he is faithful to his duty, and the literary basis in the community fostered by the college, do not always supply the divine lifting faculty; but they do steady the action of genius and give it the ballast of learning. Wendell Phillips was some-

times irritated immeasurably with the heaviness of scholarship in Cambridge; but none knew better than Mr. Phillips that it was the tacit alliance of Harvard College and its scholarship with the Transcendental spirit of the new birth in New England that gave to the Puritan city its supremacy in American literature. Learning was made respectable in Boston society by genius; but genius was made solid and efficient by learning. If any one will take the trouble to turn over the pages of the Harvard Triennial Catalogue for the years 1800-1850, he will find how real and valuable the alliance was between scholarship and genius; how respectable learning had become through the influence of Everett and George Ticknor and Sparks and Walker and Buckingham and the elder Emerson and William Ellery Channing and Richard H. Dana, etc., and how out of this ground of respectability imagination took life.

There are the traditions of this love for the flowery faculty still active in Boston society; but, as British genius fled from Edinburgh to London in the first half of the century, so there are some signs of a like flight in America from Boston to New York. What is New York doing to speed this flight? Besides the perambulating presidents and the wit of Choate and Depew, the increased activity of the college societies, and the concentration of the spirit of scholarship by the establishment of the University Club, one who is at all observant of the signs of the times cannot fail to see a new element working a great and worthy change in metropolitan literary activity. Since the War a whole new generation of young writers, artists, and architects have come into the field. It is a generation emancipated from the traditions of the old ante-bellum school, wide-awake, enthusiastic—sometimes too much so,—not afraid of foreign influence, often reinforced by foreign technical skill and steadiness, but in the main after all a native product and not ashamed of the home quality. In music, it is progressive and strong, dominated by Germany. In drama, it is aggressive and only too lively, powerfully influenced by France. In architecture, it is fast transforming the unlovely façades of Fifth Avenue, and overlaying the staid Quaker colors and forms of the early days. In art, it has made steady advances on the old citadel of the Academy, and to-day threatens to carry it by storm. So far as America has an art and an architecture they are centred in New York. In magazine work, this young generation has swept away all the old traditions, and struck out for itself a line of work already recognized as superior in its kind to any abroad. There is probably no city in Europe so alive with change as New York. Art and architecture and the publishers' business are the first to feel the enormous expansion of the city in material wealth.

The literary man feels this change last. His best work appeals to the sober judgment of men of leisure; and there are at present no men of leisure. The literary man is not himself at leisure. He has no time yet for sober thought and serious work. He is just as busy as the rest of us in building up New York—in superintending the changes. He is a reporter—restless, active, prying, observant, thinking, but not inwardly digesting. He is fresh from college, or travel, or the rural districts—fills the ante-rooms of the newspapers; is spicy and brilliant and fresh in the magazines, where he shows his best hand; but he has had no time, or has taken none, for the deep, searching, strong toil which makes the basis of all high literature. The genius of the Transcendental period grew out of the settled life of two centuries. It was rooted in a serious, slow, and meditative community. Emerson represented eight generations of clergymen, and all through his youth felt the breath of the streams and the hills more than the whirlwind of active life. Lowell and Holmes, Motley and Bancroft and Prescott, Phillips and Sumner, were rooted in old Puritan or old Knickerbocker soil, and belonged to a settled order of society which had seen little change for generations. Longfellow was the product of a prolonged scholastic training;

Hawthorne was thirty-five years old before he felt the mild turmoil of old State Street in Boston. Bryant's genius flourished best when he was nearest the staid life of Western Massachusetts, and was nearly blighted by the early and tempered activity of what was wont to be called Gotham. All these men were brought out, to be sure, by the awakening of New England, and represented in their own work turmoil and change; but they were all rooted in an old stable society and grew slowly. Boston took up and fostered them; the university gave them a workshop, a lecture-room, and an audience, and it was out of the old ground that they got the sturdy growth which made them the representatives of the transformed Puritan thought. It is for New York to do this needful office now for her own literature; and she is abundantly able to do it. The educated classes are showing her how to make the basis good in solid learning; art is fast supplying the means for intelligent study in one line; books, laboratories, museums, pictures—the materials of a true metropolis—are fast accumulating. It remains for the literary men to do their part. They cannot justly complain of a want of attention. No one gets attention in this busy life who does not force it, and the man of letters receives as fair reward in social distinction as any other. Bryant and Irving in a past generation were not unhonored. The millionaire is more talked of and gossiped about, but the quiet man of letters is admitted to more really fine parlors. He cannot get a hearing for his latest poem at the horse-show; but he should not desire it. Society will not stop dancing, and Wall Street will not stop gambling, to listen to his latest essay; and we have no reason to suppose that the social and commercial machines stopped working for Shakspeare, or Milton, or Wordsworth, or Burns. On the contrary, we have much reason to believe that these men had bitter struggles to get a hearing at all. Even metropolitan New York will hearken to genius to-day as soon probably, and pay for it as well, as metropolitan London ever did. The truth is that genius, when it comes, will find its place and take it; but it must equip itself with the subsidiary virtues—intelligence, affability, good manners,—before it will be called upon socially; and of this it cannot justly complain. Like attracts like. We admire the fine show of diamonds at the jeweler's, but we do not go into the shop to buy, unless we have an affinity for diamonds. We are far more likely, indeed, to go into the neighboring grocery for cabbages for which our affinity is perfect. If the literary man adds good manners and intelligence to his genius, he may rightly claim to go, with or without money, wherever these rule, and he will find his genius talismanic there.

The literary men should do something to create an atmosphere of genial, prudent, and wise society for their own class; and it is a notable circumstance that the new generation of young men are beginning to recognize this necessity and working up to it in many directions. They are effecting social organizations and increasing their stimulative activities through them. They owe it to themselves to put these organizations on a firm and sound basis, to distinguish between merit and meretricious work, to make solid values the groundwork of their clubs and societies, and to give their brothers from whatever quarter they come a generous welcome. They can make their own toil bearable, even if it is poorly paid; and they can make it honored, if it is honorable. The law of supply and demand works in art and letters. Good workmen get into the trade that needs them most. In bad weather boot-blacks command a premium; and vulgar wealth rules the market when it has a service to perform. The time has come when cultivation and stimulative literature are needed in New York. The city is rich and ripe; it will honor honest work. Only let the literary class see to it that the tone of literature is kept pure and high; that honest work is favored; that servility is frowned upon; that wide culture and correct thinking be insisted on; that even genius shall serve its apprenticeship

to art; that the reporter—well in his place—shall not rule outside his field; that novelty and the superficial shall not alone be sought. Under such happy conditions—and they seem to be gathering fast—the talent we have will certainly thrive, and genius will turn its face more and more toward the metropolis of America.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Reviews

"Horace Walpole and his World."*

IT IS A curious fact that while Sir Walter Scott expended just enthusiasm over the incomparable letters showered so liberally by Horace Walpole upon his friends, the kindly eulogist should also have stretched the mantle of his charity over that unutterably dull production, 'The Castle of Otranto.' Who is there, nowadays, to own acquaintance with this queer experiment in Gothic fiction? It is strained to the verge of absurdity,—overflowing with fatal helmets, intricate cloisters, giant hands in armor, sudden claps of thunder,—with larmoyante heroines, and what Thackeray would call those 'exploded old ghosts, in which our grandfathers took delight.' The school-girl of to-day might well make merry over a hero described as 'a lovely young prince with large black eyes, a smooth white forehead, and manly curling locks like jet.' And yet, Walpole, the dilettante author of this Cheap-Jack Adonis, owns to having sat, late into the night, with burning cheeks and chill fingers, unable to abandon the delightful task of composing page after page of conversation between the Matildas, the Isabellas and the Manfreds of his once popular romance.

Apart from this novel, Walpole is known to literature by a few books on painting, by a series of papers contributed to *The World*, by a 'Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors,' and by his 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.' A play called 'The Mysterious Mother, together with other scattering productions, have been decently covered with the pall of oblivion. But the 'Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.,' and the 'Memoirs' and 'Journals' relating to contemporaneous history, are mines of wealth and pleasure to the student of English life and manners during the Eighteenth Century. As for the 'Letters'—of which three thousand, at least, have been given to the world, in print—are they not brilliant, varied, fascinating enough, to brush away the cobwebs left in our brain by the melancholy perusal of Matilda's woes, and to dissipate the awe engendered by 'three drops of blood falling from the nose of Alphonso's statue?' Readers of Cunningham's edition of the 'Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford,' published in 1859, will remember that the editor there expresses his belief that no additions of consequence would be made to the mass of correspondence he had assembled. But in 1865 came three more portly volumes, given to the world through Lady Theresa Lewis, who died immediately upon the conclusion of her task as literary executor. These were nothing less than the valuable 'Journal and Correspondence' of Miss Berry, containing hundreds of delightful letters from Walpole to his beloved friend, kept under lock and key until the deaths of that lady and her sister Agnes (both within the year 1852) at the advanced ages of eighty-nine and ninety. Walpole's was, as he said, a life of letter-writing. In his early days he affected a study of the art of correspondence. He perused the letters of Madame de Sevigné, and those of the poet Gray—his chum chosen for the continental tour upon leaving college, indispensable to a man of fashion. From Madame de Sévigné did the best letter-writer in our language borrow the airy sparkle engrafted so successfully upon his English style. It is said that the first letters of the Walpole series—rough drafts of which were found in looking over his literary remains—were works of absolute labor in construction. But in time his facility in brilliant letter-writing became a second nature. He would toss off a page of gossip sprinkled with epigram while talking with a friend. And to the last day of his life, his habit was to jot down upon the backs of letters and odd bits of paper, anything of news, amusement or information he might desire to incorporate in the missive of the day. To write these missives was an unending joy. 'Reading composes little of my pastime, either in town or country,' he tells Miss Berry, in his latter days. And again, 'I put myself in mind of a scene in one of Lord Lansdowne's plays, where two ladies being on the stage and one

*Horace Walpole and his World. Select Passages from his Letters. Edited by L. B. Seeley. 8s. New York: Scribner & Welford.

going off, the other says "Lord, she is gone! Well, I must go and write to her!"

From the voluminous collections of Lord Orford's famous correspondence, the editor of 'Horace Walpole and his World' has selected a number of specimens by which the hurried or casual reader cannot fail to profit most agreeably. Through Mr. Seeley's intelligent intervention we are enabled in a single neat volume to skim the cream of fact and fancy from a wide expanse of matter historical and biographical. We are introduced to the young son of the illustrious Sir Robert Walpole, quitting the university, a man of means and leisure, to make his continental tour. In 1741 he took his seat in Parliament, after a speech commended by the great William Pitt, although he rarely, thereafter, during his placid career of twenty-seven years in the House of Commons, troubled himself with public displays of oratory. Desultory skirmishing with the pen was more to his taste than political debate. In art and literature he found his chief employment. He indulged his passion for collecting antiques and curios. His purchase, in 1748, of the site and cottage of Strawberry Hill, from Mrs. Chenevix, a fashionable toy-dealer, is thus described: 'It is a plaything-house, that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows with filigree hedges.' This baby-house he undertook to remodel into a 'pasteboard Gothic' castle, adding cloisters, refectories, pie-crust battlements. Hence the nondescript edifice, so often laughed at by the critics, but always eagerly visited by those fortunate enough to obtain admittance. Here he assembled treasures from every country. 'There is something strange in the form of the shovel,' writes Lord Macaulay. 'There is a long story belonging to the bell-rope.' Here he established a printing-press, bringing out 'Strawberry Hill' editions of his own works, and those of his friends, specimens of which, at this date, command fabulous prices. A pet gallantry extended to some favored dame or damsel visiting Strawberry Hill was to have prepared upon the press, and in her presence struck off, a copy of verses extolling her charms. To this amiable weakness of Walpole for enacting squire of dames, the world owes much. The greater number of his published letters are addressed to women correspondents. Not only did the gay beauties of the Court, painted by Sir Joshua, throng to eat syllabubs at Strawberry Hill, but such women as Madame de Genlis, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Montagu, and Madame du Deffand, claimed Walpole's warm friendship and evoked from him sparkling epistolary tributes to their worth. Late in life he encountered those friends who had apparently the strongest influence of all upon his mocking, capricious, erratic, but generous nature—Mary and Agnes Berry, the sisters spoken of as 'two pearls found in his path.' The admiration bestowed by Walpole upon these two young ladies, secured for them at once the notice of fashionable London, placing them on the social and literary eminence they occupied for nearly sixty years. Although past seventy when he met them, Walpole's enthusiasm for both sisters, notably the elder, had all the fire of youth. He eulogized them, he petted them, mourned at a brief absence from them,—called them his twin-wives, his lambs, his 'straw-berries.' His letters to Mary Berry (who, with her father, was left his literary executor), continuing till the date of his death in 1792, are brilliant as ever, although tinged with the sadness of an active spirit chafing within a crippled body. When his beloved Berrys were away from him, the old man's pleasures were to count his coins and medals, to dust his bric-à-brac, to watch the boats passing up and down the Thames. 'Such a partiality have I for moving objects,' he writes, 'that in advertisements of country houses I have thought it a recommendation when there was a N. B. of *three stage-coaches pass the door every day.*' Ere long the busy pen dropped from the nerveless fingers, and his dear Mary Berry closed the eyes that took note no more.

An attractive addition to Mr. Seeley's volume is the reproduction of Sir Thomas Laurence's portrait of Walpole, as well as a half-dozen prints from Reynolds's beauties of the Court. Among these, the most interesting is a group of the three young Ladies Waldegrave at their tambour frame.

"Methods of Teaching History."*

Why anything so dull and so unpractical as the ponderous essays of Dr. Diesterweg should have been included in the 'Methods of Teaching History' of the Pedagogical Library we are at a loss to decide. The editor, indeed,

faintly apologizes in his introduction for giving us Dr. Diesterweg's 'obscure and often confusing style,' on the plea that he discusses questions extremely interesting to German teachers; but why should not German teachers take their German 'straight,' and of what use to American teachers would be the rules for the order of study, thus: 1. Teach German history. 2. Teach those parts of the history of foreign nations, the ideas of which have had special influence on German history. 3. In non-German history, give the preference to that of the Greeks and Romans? No directions are given with regard to any future pursuit of the history of other nations, except that a footnote explains that the history of the Jews is not mentioned, although of great importance for the religious phases of German history, because it is a branch of the religious instruction always given in German schools. When we come to methods, we find advice of which the lucidity may be seen from the following quotations: 'Teach historical life in its totality. Do not neglect the history of the "silent work of civilization," nor give historical life detached from its natural foundations.' 'Teach history according to historically active ideas.' 'Choose your material with a view to the person—the scholar; and equally with a view to the object—history; finally, with respect to external circumstances.'

If we find Dr. Diesterweg ponderous, however (and we do not believe any one ever emerged from the thick fog of his reasoning with a new or practical idea), the rest of the book is eminently calculated to be of use to the teacher of history. It contains contributions from professors at Johns Hopkins University, Michigan University, Columbia College and Harvard, with a spicy little article from Colonel Higginson on the absurdity of the old methods. We should think Colonel Higginson would be about as astonished to find himself supplementing Dr. Diesterweg, as a canary-bird would be, that should consent to co-operate in a cause and find itself unexpectedly harnessed with an elephant. All the suggestions of this latter half of the book are practical and wise; proved, many of them, by experiment to be as excellent as they seem. All the writers agree in increasing dislike for text-books, though it is held that the lecture system is insufficient unless supplemented by constant questioning, thorough examinations, and inspection of note-books. The experiment has even been tried of giving neither text-book nor lecture, but 'topics,' for which the student is to find material in a reference library. This seems excellent for advanced pupils; teaching them to weigh evidence and sift facts, and giving them knowledge not only of history but of historians; such as that possessed by Dr. Samuel Eliot of Boston, to whom we once mentioned casually a passage we had read 'somewhere' which we should like to find again, only to be promptly informed that we would find it 'in the third chapter of the second volume' of so-and-so. We have even known this same system to be applied to teachers: in a large school of deservedly high reputation, a teacher was occasionally given some branch, which not only was not her specialty but of which she knew absolutely nothing, her dismay being met with the assurance that her knowledge of ignorance would result in the largest accumulation of facts, that she might feel sure of being 'prepared.'

That the old systems are not entirely broken up, we realized the other evening on being asked to 'hear' a lesson: 'The Alien and Sedition Act was passed in'— 'Wait a moment! What do you mean by "the Alien and Sedition Act"?' 'What was it?' 'O never mind that; we don't have to recite that; please don't interrupt. The Alien and Sedition Act was passed in'—etc.

An Aboriginal Comedy.*

At the International Congress of Americanists held in 1882 at Copenhagen, a paper was read by Dr. Brinton which

*Method of Teaching History. By Dr. Diesterweg and others. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.

*The Güegüense. A Comedy Ballet in the Nahuatl-Spanish Dialect of Nicaragua. Edited by Dr. D. G. Brinton. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.

he has since printed in book-form under the title: 'Aboriginal American Authors and their Productions.' It will surprise people who think themselves fairly posted about the history and mental attainments of the American Indians. The array of evidence as to Indians who have been authors of written and printed books, now no longer to be found, is impressive, but the little essay also shows the existence to-day of a large scattered body of aboriginal literature, ranging from the purely native book, made of parchment or of paper, and written in phonographic signs, characters or hieroglyphs, to publications by modern Indians, educated at universities and exposed to direct competition with whites. It points to the achievements of Indians in historical writing, and notices many neglected sources of information concerning aboriginal literature and books, that presumably remain unpublished, or, reprinted as they should be, in the hands of private individuals or in libraries.

The savant who could state so well and understand so thoroughly the need of energetic steps to save from total loss the literary remains of the aborigines was naturally the man to undertake the burden of the task. Of course one man alone cannot do it, but few are so competent. In 1870 Dr. Brinton published 'The National Legend of the Chata-Muskeke Tribes,' a thin quarto, reprinted from *The Historical Magazine*. The same year he contributed to the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society* an essay on 'The Arawack Language of Guiana.' In 1881 he published, also a reprint, 'The Names of the Gods in the Kiche Myths of Central America,' a monograph on Central American mythology. 'American Hero-Myths,' 'The Religious Sentiment' and 'The Myths of the New World' are three books in which he developed his theories as to the meaning of phenomena among the red races which have been treated in the most varying manner by missionaries, by hasty travellers, by thoughtful students, and by theorists of the Spencerian type. In 1882, the year of the International Congress, he began the systematic publication of works by Indians of which this is the third issue. THE CRITIC spoke of 'The Maya Chronicles' and 'The Iroquois Book of Rites' on their appearance. The comedy-ballet now offered is a barbarous mixture of colloquial Spanish and remnants of Nahuatl words. It would be curious, were it Spanish American alone; but the Indian element gives it a special interest. One can gather from such rude plays somewhat of the way in which the Indian met his tyrant; one can see the attitude which such a whimsical old rascal as Güegüence, a head man of a village, would take toward the governor of the province and his hungry officials. From this sample of the lowest comedy, or coarse farce for the populace, one can infer better work under more favorable circumstances. Interesting is the introductory note on the musical instruments of the Nicaraguans, among whom this half-breed drama was found, and that on their *bailes* or dramatic dances. In 1529 Oviedo tells of a ceremony in which seventy masked men, their flesh painted to imitate male and female dresses and ornaments, danced in pairs about a pole, on which an idol was placed, singing in chorus to the sound of drums. Near the top of the pole, below the idol, was a platform from which at a given moment two boys threw themselves. They were fast to ropes which slowly unwound and let them come gradually to the ground. One boy held a bow and arrows, the other a fan and mirror of obsidian. 'To one familiar with Nahuatl symbolism, the meaning of this ceremony is in a general way obvious. The seated divinity on the summit of the pole represents the god of fertility throned in the heaven. The two boys are the messengers he sends to earth; the arrows refer to the lightnings which he hurls below; the feather-fan typifies the breezes and the birds; the mirror, the waters and rains. After the mortals have prayed in chants for a certain season, the god sends his messengers; men wait in suspense their arrival, whether it shall be for good or for ill hap; and as they reach the earth, a shout of joy is raised, for the food has

ripened and been gathered in and the harvest-home is ended.'

Unlike Vols. I. and II. of the series, this is illustrated by a number of somewhat rudely executed woodcuts, giving a native of the Isthmus in dramatic recitation, old Aztec drawings of musical performers and instruments, maps, scenes of heathen ceremonies, and so forth.

A Christian Lecture Course in Japan.*

THE Japanese, so long shut up in their island empire, were formerly obliged to depend for variety in religion upon the vagaries of Buddhism and Shintō. The former faith swallowed up the latter, and was then subdivided into scores of sects and sectlets. Now, in addition to the Greek and Roman Catholics, and the various missionaries of the reformed faith, they have had the active propagandists of agnosticism among them. Ostensibly coming to Japan to teach science, some American instructors have been busy in inculcating the tenets of nescience, and industriously teaching that God is unknowable, revelation a phantom, and learning and Christianity incompatible. The intellect of Japan (which has yet to show its superiority or even equality to that of China) was for a time captivated with the gospel of Spencer. Gradually the young Japanese are cultivating a taste for the solid food of discussion. They are looking at the other side of the question. The Christian churches already have many promising native intellects adherent to the faith, whose writings show force as well as fervor. In addition to sermons and theological lectures, the foreign Christians in the Japanese capital now furnish the educated young men with lectures on philosophic themes both in English and the vernacular. The course on Christianity and Humanity delivered last year consists of six able discussions by two professors and a clergyman, who seem abundantly able to handle their themes. The lectures treat of Christianity in relation to civilization, to natural science, to the theory of evolution, to history, to other religions, and to morality. Without evincing any great originality (a claim to which, doubtless, the lecturers would disclaim) they present the essence and main features of Christianity, and defend it against the views of its detractors who know it chiefly as a literary and controversial theme. Such discussions will do much good in clearing the intellectual atmosphere for the Japanese reflective mind, which is puzzled to find the religion of Christ. Between the exhibition of it by the average 'Christian' trader at the ports, and the foreign lecturers who caricature it as unworthy of 'scientific' men, both the honest old heathen and the unripe graduate of a Japanese 'university,' aged twenty, is at a loss to understand where the power of Christianity lies. The book is neatly bound and printed.

Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop. †

A REVIEWER with the journalistic sense of timeliness cannot but regret that this volume was not published twenty-three years ago. Then the publisher's presses could not have turned it out fast enough to supply the demand of an eager public. It comes now like an echo from the far-off past. 'Cecil Dreeme,' 'John Brent' and 'Edwin Brotherhood' still find readers; but when they were first published, with Mr. George William Curtis's sympathetic and graceful introduction recounting the story of the young author's death on the field of battle, they were the sensation of the hour. Major Winthrop was one of the first to die while fighting for the Union during the Civil War. He was a young man of great promise, and his romantic career and untimely death touched the heart-strings of the whole country. In the volume before us his sister tells the story of his life, and prints a number of his poems that have not

* Christianity and Humanity. Lectures delivered in Tokio, Japan. By C. S. Eby, J. A. Ewing and T. M. Dixon. Yokohama.
† Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop. Edited by his sister. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

before been published. They are not as good as his prose, and he evidently knew they were not, for he made no effort to have them published. 'Love and Skates' and other stories that he wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly* under Mr. Lowell's editorship were very bright and attracted a good deal of attention. His novels, however, were not so fortunate in finding a publisher. He sent them from one to another, only to have them returned. Each time he worked over the manuscript again and sent it out with renewed hopes. All of his books were published posthumously. 'Cecil Dreeme,' which was the last he wrote, was the first to be published. 'John Brent,' 'Love and Skates' and 'Edwin Brothertoft' were separate tales in a book called 'Brothertoft Manor,' bound together by their connection with an old house on the Hudson. 'Cecil Dreeme' and 'Edwin Brothertoft,' says his sister, 'were written when his heart was wrung by disappointment.' Major Winthrop was the victim of an unfortunate attachment which affected his whole life, making him sad and bitter when otherwise he would have been the gayest of the gay. It is in his verse that he gave vent most freely to his unhappiness.

"English Style in Pulpit Discourse."

IT is very wise advice which Professor Phelps, on the last page of this volume gives to those who intend to become missionaries: that they continue their philological and rhetorical studies in the English language. If the preachers who stay at home would continue them also, and would read and re-read Professor Phelps's chapters at every stage of their progress, we, in the pews, should begin before long to appreciate the difference between true pulpit eloquence and claptrap, and might, in time, become educated to prefer the former. It is doubtless a great problem—and one which no lectures or books, however suggestive, can save a preacher the trouble of solving for himself,—how to use language with dignity and precision but without fastidiousness, and how, without extravagance, to exhibit that earnestness and intensity of purpose which correspond to the nature of the subject and the end which is aimed at. The triad of books which Professor Phelps has issued within the last three years cannot serve as a mere key—with the particular examples all worked out—to any man's questions; there is nothing mechanical in any of them; but they do form a storehouse of suggestion and warning which will be of lasting service wherever they are read, and there is vitality in every sentence of them. The present volume, like the others, is full of wise and pithy sayings which one longs to quote. We make space for only two: 'Do something, or another thing, or all things, to get rid of conventional meanings of religious words. Supplant imitation by a new experience.' 'Tempestuous preaching of half-truths will often set the pulpit to rocking on the billows of popular excitement, and leave it there.'

Dobson's "Vicar of Wakefield."

THIS is Mr. Dobson's third appearance in the Parchment Library, where he has been seen more often than any one else save only his fellow-lyrist, Lord Tennyson. And we hope sincerely that it will not be his last, for the Parchment Library does not contain any volumes, better put together, better edited, or better worth reading than Mr. Dobson's selection of 'Eighteenth Century Essays' or this edition of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' There is no need now to praise anew the simple tale of Goldsmith which holds its place as an English classic as firmly as the equally simple 'Manon Lescaut' of the Abbé Prévost holds its place as a French classic. A comparison of these two tales, by the way, with their gentle charm and easy grace, would not be without interest, though space fails now. Mr. Dobson's work fills forty compact pages of notes, free from pedantry yet full

of the exact explanatory information which the reader requires. It is curious to note that Goldsmith's story has never before been edited, in any exact sense of the word. It has been left for the present editor to discover the secret of many allusions and to supply the clew to many little mysteries. We agree with the British critic who has called this edition the ideal edition of 'The Vicar.' Especially delightful is Mr. Dobson's preface, brief as it is. Here is English prose of a high order—rich, clear, simple, noble. It is a delightful plea and apology by a poet for the prose of another poet, who, of a truth, as Mr. Dobson tells us, needs neither plea nor apology, but only to be read—as he can be, in the present edition, with every increasing enjoyment.

Minor Notices.

THERE is more of memory than of rhyme in Joaquin Miller's somewhat fantastically named book. ('Memorie and Rime,' Funk & Wagnalls.) The author's literary career has been a curious one. An American poet introduced to Americans by an English publisher and English reviewers is an anomaly. The 'Songs of the Sierras' were first heard in London, and made a genuine sensation there. Mr. Miller was the literary lion of the hour, and was courted by the most distinguished writers. He lolled about their drawingrooms with his trousers tucked in his boots, and behaved in all respects as a 'child of nature'—the nature of the boundless prairies—might have been expected to. He was a new sensation, and London made the most of him. Swinburne hailed him as a brother; he sat crosslegged on the floor within the 'Rossetti Circle,' and smoked cigarettes and spun yarns. When he returned to America he found an audience waiting to welcome him, and here too he was lionized for a season. It is about these varied experiences that Mr. Miller tells us in his journal,—though (to his credit be it said) he does not deal in personalities, or describe the homes where he was received as an honored guest. There is much of Mr. Miller's poetry that we admire. In 'Songs of the Sierras' he is at his best, for there he is natural; but in this journal he shows himself a poser. No 'child of nature' would make the following entry in a diary meant for no eye but his own: 'They say Carlyle lives near here, on a farm. I like Carlyle—that is, the parts of him which I don't understand. And that is saying that I like nearly all of Carlyle, I reckon.' In the papers, at the end of the book is one on 'Minnie Myrtle,' the author's first wife, who died last year. It is intended as a tribute to her memory, but it seems to us more like a tribute to the magnanimity of Joaquin Miller. It is strange that one who respects the privacy of his friends should have so little regard for his own. Of the 'Rime' there is little to say. Mr. Miller's muse is not what she was. Her step is no longer firm and free. Civilization has taken the life out of her.

'THE JOLLY ROVER' is of course a boy's book, and it arrogates to itself the highly moral purpose of illustrating the bad effect upon boys of such pernicious literature as 'Sol Slasher, the Wild Young Waterman of Weehawken,' etc. But if the partaker is as bad as the thief, we cannot help feeling that in this instance the warner is about as bad as the tempter. A great many parents will let their boys read Trowbridge who would guard them sacredly from 'Sol'; and yet from Mr. Trowbridge these boys will first learn of 'Sol's' existence. The awful warnings will go for naught. To tell boys all about sharpers and swindlers is not the best way to keep them away from them. On the contrary, it will make them long for a sharper to sharpen their own wits upon, and show how superior they are to the foolish fellows who were 'taken in.' We may add incidentally that not one boy in a thousand in Arthur's position ever does run away from home; that if he did, he would be found within two days; and that any woman who should actually behave as did Arthur's 'Good Angel' on the steamer and take no further steps than to advise the young man to go home, would deserve to have her own boys run away from her. (Lee & Shepard.)

'THE BOWSHAM PUZZLE,' by John Habberton, (Standard Library: Funk & Wagnalls) deals with the puzzle it was to a small community that the youngest representative of a very bad family should be an entirely admirable fellow. The author's solution of the problem consists in revealing that the 'admirable fellow' was a young girl in disguise; but we confess that we do not think that point would of itself completely neutralize heredity. There are many humorous situations in the story.

* English Style in Pulpit Discourse. By Austin Phelps, D.D. 8s. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a preface and notes by Austin Dobson. (Parchment Library.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

notably one where four or five friends prowl around a house to protect its inmate from suspected trouble, only to take each other for burglars and assassins; but it is not on the whole a pleasant book, and we do not think it was worth writing, while the author is much too daring in styling it on the title-page 'a novel.' The sketch of 'My Friend Moses' at the close of the book is very much better—is, indeed, delightful.

THE TITLE of 'A Fool's Paradise' (Washington: W. H. Morrison), which purports to be a story of fashionable life in Washington, is somewhat ambiguous, but we scarcely think the author intends to designate our national capital by a name so uncomplimentary. Should our projected 'Anthology of Doggerel' ever become an accomplished fact, we shall draw largely on 'A Fool's Paradise' for such couplets as

'Remember, child, the universal law
Is this, alas! *Per aspera ad astra*;

and

'Gold's of much more use, ay, very,
Than ten grandfathers in a cemetery.'

But then the modestly anonymous author makes no pretence to epic grandeur of style.

'THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,' by A. P. Stone, L.L.D. (Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co.), is intended for a text-book, and is a compilation of essential facts merely. The style is perfectly simple and direct, and the short distinct sentences are perhaps calculated to prevent that worst of all things in the young pupil,—learning by rote; but we confess that for a modern text-book it impresses us as being rather dry, and although the author in his preface mentions as one of its attractions that it 'will leave the teacher at liberty to follow' any special plan of his own, in regard to supplementary lectures, reading, etc., we should have been glad if he had seen fit to give some guidance as to the best books of reference on each subject, including fiction and poetry.

'THE PRINCIPLES OF WRITTEN DISCOURSE,' by Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D. (Armstrong), does not seem to us to possess any distinctive features to recommend it especially above other treatises of the same nature. It is intended for use in the higher collegiate classes, and assumes that the student already knows something of the subject. To form the habit of writing and speaking well, one had much better give one's days and nights to the study of Addison and other great lights in literature and oratory, than to rules for forming sentences. Some of the author's remarks, especially those on wit, are of surprising narrowness.

Were the Pyramids Hills?

AT the last meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences (March 24), Mr. Cope Whitehouse explained with diagrams, photographs and lantern views the peculiar erosions in that part of the desert for a hundred miles south and west of Cairo, which he alone has explored. Having shown that horizontal limestone once filled the Nile Valley to the height of nearly a thousand feet, and that the artificial hills of the Pyramids are not as high as the natural hills or isolated layers of similar stone, found in the Nile Valley itself or in the parallel erosions to the west, he argued that it was reasonable to suppose that these artificial mounds had been to a very large extent formed *in situ*. This view, which was first stated by him at the York Meeting of the British association in 1881, was published by MM. Perrot and Chipiez in a note, in 1882. The London *Academy* (1883) says of it: 'He has conceived that the Gizeh platform was once a range of rocky hills, such as are now found in the neighboring Wadi Fadhi' (and, adds the writer, in parts of Nubia), 'weathered into fantastic shapes, to which horizontal strata gave an artificial appearance and pyramidal summits.

These rocks were mined like coal or salt. The inferior material was cut into blocks, lowered from above and pushed into place to build the pyramids.' If it is remembered that the hills of Egypt are honeycombed with tombs and quarries, it would be in the highest degree probable that a detached hill would have been used either as a rockhewn temple with a vast hall such as that at Abusimbel (200x200x50), or as a tomb with a gallery and chambers penetrating, like that of Seti, 470 feet into the live rock, or as a quarry, like those extensive galleries and chambers, filled to an unknown depth with refuse stone, described by Herodotus, and entered two hundred feet above the valley in the cliffs at Turra and Masurra. The pyramids are

never mentioned before the Greek period. The diffuse literature of the reign of Ramses and the historical tablets of Karnak are equally silent. The Egyptians themselves in the time of Strabo appear to have ascribed them to Shepherd Kings and, with entire accuracy in point of time, to the Xth Century B. C., or the age of Osarkon and the Sphinxes of Tanis.

Mr. Whitehouse therefore concludes that the tombs under the Pyramids are older than the structures, and that the marks in red on the stones in 'Cheops,' which are often upside down, may be all quarry marks. Ramses is said to have 'carved the mountains' near Memphis. It is extremely probable that he would mark the vicinity of his capital with such cheaply executed and impressive works as those at Ipsambul. The Sphinx, which, in the time of Herodotus seems to have been hidden by some building, is the sole surviving example North of Thebes of such megalithic monuments. We have no right to impute folly without clear proof. We are bound to assume the simplest mode of accomplishment for any great engineering work of the ancient Egyptians. There may have been such hills. They may have contained chambers. These chambers might be moved upwards through the hill, as in fact has been done in the quarries of Turra, by depositing on the floor of the chamber material removed from the sides and roof. 'The top would then be finished first' (Herodotus), and the hill would actually present the spectacle of a firm pillar supporting the precarious hill. The sides might then be *revetted* with safety. There is a great deal of historical and other evidence to support this idea, which, bold as it is, has yet found no opponents.

A Question of Grammatical Accuracy.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I have lately read Dr. Peabody's 'Handbook of Conversation,' in which mistakes of speaking and writing are corrected. In the advertisement to this little volume, the compiler speaks of its thorough revision and the endeavor to render it 'more entirely accurate.' A book that is 'entirely accurate' cannot, I think, be made *more* accurate by revision. In the second section of the address, the compiler says: 'In preparing myself to meet you, I find a degree of embarrassment.' The preparation was complete at the time the address was made,—it was a thing of the past. Would not the use of the past tense have been better,—'more entirely accurate?' On the 11th page I find these sentences: 'There are two extremes which you ought equally to shun. One is *that of* carelessness; the other *that of* extreme precision.' The use of the words in italics is entirely unnecessary and weakens the sentence. Again, on the same page: 'The words which you now miscall it will cost you great pains in after life to pronounce aright.' Who can parse this sentence? Which is the nominative of 'will cost'—'words' or 'it?' On page 21: 'Consider, also, how large a portion speech makes up of the lives of us all.' Why introduce the word 'up?' See under 'mistakes and improprieties' in the same volume, Nos. 308, 335, etc. Under the same title I find (No. 367) a sentence corrected. 'He *need* not do it, should be, he *needs* not do it.' Still the Doctor writes in his address: 'And *he* who could tune the many-voiced harp of the social party *need* crave no higher office or more potent sway.'

If this edition had been the first, and had been hastily written, there might be some excuse for such blunders; but it seems from the preface that it had been 'thoroughly revised' with the endeavor to render it at once more entirely accurate. It seems unfortunate that a book which pretends to 'correct mistakes and improprieties of speaking' should be marred by such errors as appear in various parts of this address.

NORWICH, CONN.

S. T. HOLBROOK.

The Lounger

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry have returned to the Star Theatre, and have begun a series of performances that it behooves every lover of the drama to see. I would not miss one of them for double the price of an orchestra chair. It is a liberal education to see the decent drama interpreted as it is by these two actors. Already the effects of their visit are being felt. American audiences are no longer satisfied to complain of such representations as those of Mr. Booth and Mr. McCullough and their companies: they decline to patronize them. I am a good patriot, and for that very reason I do not like to see my countrymen lay themselves open to criticism by mounting their plays as these eminent tragedians do, and surrounding themselves with companies in whose performances no intelligent man can find a moment's satisfaction. There is no reason why our leading

actors should not do as well by their patrons as Mr. Irving does. If they have not so fine an artistic sense, they might at least do their best.

LYING on my desk is a copy of an annual called 'The Rose of Sharon' published in Boston in 1846. Among its contributors are Horace Greeley, Alice and Phœbe Cary, E. H. Chapin and Margaret Fuller. The latter contributes two little poems to its pages one of which I quote:

DURING A SUMMER SHOWER, June 1844.

'With equal sweetness the commissioned Hours
Shed light and dew upon the weeds and flowers;
The weeds, untouched, raise their vile heads on high,
Flaunting back insult to the gracious sky;
While the dear flowers, with fond humility,
Uplift the eyelids of a starry eye
In speechless homage; and to holy hearts
Perfume that homage all around imparts:
Is it most blest to give? O child! believe,
It is enough for mortals to receive.'

I find in an edition of Margaret Fuller's works edited by her brother and published in 1859 the same verses, under the name 'The Thankful and The Thankless,' with some interesting changes:

'With equal sweetness the commissioned hours
Shed light and dew upon both weeds and flowers,
The weeds unthankful raise their vile heads high,
Flaunting back insult to the gracious sky;
While the dear flowers, with fond humility,
Uplift the eyelids of a starry eye
In speechless homage; and, from grateful hearts,
Perfume that homage all around imparts.'

THE organization of a 'People's Concert Society' is announced. The object of this society is to give free concerts to working people on Sunday afternoons. The experiment has been tried with great success, and Mr. Thomas, whose orchestra has been chosen for the service, is determined to educate rather than tickle the ear of his audiences. There are so many profane concerts given under the name of sacred that I for one am glad to see a movement for Sunday recreation taken in hand by serious people. We are too apt to fly to extremes in this country, and have a disgraceful way of swallowing camels and being choked by gnats.

A HUNDRED and fifty people of distinction in literature and the arts received a printed circular a few days ago, marked 'private and confidential' and signed by a well-known author, requesting them to write to Mr. Samuel Clemens for his autograph, in time for him to receive their letters on the first of April. The consequence was that Mr. Clemens's mail was swollen to abnormal proportions, and the Hartford postmen were obliged to call in assistance in delivering these polite requests. Mr. Clemens's head must have ached in reading his Tuesday's mail, and I will venture to say that he lay awake half the night planning some way of 'getting even' with his correspondents. In the mean time he has become possessed of a rare and unique collection of autographs.

THE literary editor of *The Times* relates the following, apropos of my story about the doctored title-page of 'Hiawatha': 'Worse things than this are known of the booksellers. One of them, several years ago, had thrown into a box of odds and ends the second volume of Hawthorne's 'American Notes' (first edition). A caller, on seeing it, asked for the other volume. This the dealer had not. The caller went home and found that he already possessed Volume I., and accordingly went hastily back for the dealer's Volume II., only to find that the fiendish dealer in his absence had scratched from the title-page and cover all outward sign that the work was not complete in one volume.'

I FIND the following in an English paper. If it be true, well may the fond collector keep his best-beloved books under lock and key: 'A compound, it is said, has been discovered that may be spread upon a page without in the slightest way injuring the paper, while it refuses to rest upon ink. It can be easily removed to a stone, and there becomes the matrix for stereotype, or can be used for printing from at once. You hand your best beloved Aldine to the inventor of this new process, and he will return it to you without a stain or a mark, uninjured, and only cleaned, and he will give you along with it an exact fac-simile, letter for letter and broken stop for broken stop, of the volume which he has had in his possession for only a few days.'

A HISTORY of American college journalism has appeared to gladden the world. Now let us have a history of marbles, or of 'coasting,' with a treatise on chewing-gum or 'jacks' to follow. *The Watervilleain*—one of the journals whose history is here recorded—has a truculent and piratical name; but it is only a boy's plaything, as harmless as a pop-gun.

Wanted, A Great Man.

[From *The Glasgow University Review*.]

'WANTED, to reside in Scotland, A GREAT MAN. Applicants must be great men, and Scotchmen. None else need apply. The advertiser has no doubt that the first need of Scotland at present is a great Scotchman, living and working within its boundaries. He hopes the above advertisement gives expression to the desire of every Scotchman. Indeed, he is of opinion that if the hearts of most nations could be sounded to their depths the patriotic desire for a great countryman would be found at the bottom, strong and true. It is not the cry of the world, "Who will show us any good?" It cannot be over emphatically impressed upon intending applicants that they must be great men. Creed, learning, morals, age, appearance, position in society, wealth, are of no moment; greatness only is of moment in the poet, man of letters, painter, preacher, silent worker or whoso may apply. The engagement will be for life. The salary will be very large, as it is expected that every Scotchman and woman will contribute, as God may prosper them, to the support of their great man. Application to be made to William Dunshalt, of Dunshalt, Fifeshire.'

This advertisement appeared in the *Dunshalt Chronicle*, a few years ago. The present writer was editor of that little rag at the time, and knew Dunshalt very well. His sincerity in penning this advertisement, and in all that he did, no one who knew him ever questioned. Although this rather extraordinary notice was copied as a curiosity into one or two of the more widely circulating Scotch newspapers, it created no sensation and did not become a nine days' wonder even in Dunshalt. The town's people, knowing its author's eccentricity, wagged their heads and sneered. The children for a day or two after its first appearance stopped their play as he passed them in the street and cried after him 'Great Man,' but before a week was out they let him go in peace. The nickname stuck, however, and he got nothing else in the gossip of the town.

Every day except Sabbath Dunshalt visited me at the office of the *Chronicle*. He breakfasted at nine. By the first stroke of ten, dressed in a blue shooting coat and light trousers, a white and blue silk scarf fastened with a diamond pin, and a soft hat, he descended the flight of steps before the door of his house, which stood whitewashed and old-fashioned at the top of a well-kept lawn, set in a semicircle of trees. If the morning were bright he indulged in what he called an 'eye-bath,' plunging his sight into the green strath stretching before him, the deeply wooded hill on his right, the dark mountains beyond, and the white and blue sky above, with the zest of one to whom nature has opened her treasures. With a rosebud in his coat and another in his hand, plucked as he passed through his garden, he would take his way along the main street of the little town right to my office. There, sitting astride a chair with his arms folded on the back of it, every morning he emitted a stream of talk for about an hour: a shallow stream, babbling along in a tortuous original course, with here and there a pool of some little depth—pleasant to listen to, and evidently pleasant to emit. His talk was always fresh—the talk of a man who can think about things of which he has no scientific knowledge—fresh and original, the 'originality of ignorance.' This last phrase was his own. I asked him about it one day, and got a reply something like this: 'What is knowledge? Acquaintance with the names of things: an encyclopædic head would contain the names of everything that man has named, besides the countless names he has given to invented theologies, philosophies, sciences and their dependencies, which are for the most part mere names. What is originality? When it speaks or writes it is the power that calls things by their right names. Will the man who knows all the names that have been given by every new school to God be able to name Him rightly, or the man whose head is free from jargon? It is the old truth which like all truths cannot be too often repeated at the right time: wisdom and knowledge by no means go hand in hand. The ignorant Greek beholds the glory of the sun, and cries, "It is our God, our Apollo! What else can it be but our beneficent healer and singer? Hail, Phœbus Apollo!" The modern Englishman looks at the same luminary, sees a thing to be weighed and measured, and says, "It is a mass or a bubble."

Perhaps there is no other originality than the originality of ignorance.

A morning never passed without something said about the decline of Scotch patriotism. 'England swallows everything of worth that Scotland produces. Our possible great men all go to London, where, becoming English or cosmopolitan, they lose all aptitude for greatness. Carlyle, the only exception, carried wherever he went and in whatever he did the best of Scotland about with him. Every great man cannot but be deeply patriotic. Scotland will soon be nothing but a name. Were a great Scotchman to live in Scotland, he would be a king and maintain our nationality. Give us a great man or we die.'

Suggestions that the course of things he lamented was only natural and the best that could be were scouted. He would say, 'I think argument is useless, perhaps because I can't argue, but I really believe it does no good. Let there be the clearest statement of opinion by the parties who would otherwise argue; let each consider as impartially as he can what his opponent has advanced, and if he still find his own opinion the better one let him stick by it thankfully and quietly. Conversion is a misapplied word; a man never changes his belief. What seems to be conversion is only the acceptance of truth long sought for blindly or wittingly. Men may be said to be believers of the truth about everything; and it is a reversion, not a conversion that takes place in after life, a reversion from scepticism to faith.'

In his youth he had devoured Carlyle's writings. Some friend put 'Sartor Resartus' into his hands in his thirteenth summer. 'I was then staying,' he said, 'at a summer resort on the West Coast. In the evenings, as the sun set behind the Highlands and the band played on the esplanade, I walked up and down among the crowd with my blood on fire, reading "Sartor Resartus." I understood little of it, of course, but it made me like one possessed.' All his reading had been after this style: a hot gallop in which he got vivid glimpses of thoughts here and there. When I became acquainted with him he had almost ceased reading; and from what I could discover he knew little of any books but Carlyle's. These he had read till he was tired: each successive reading at a greater speed, with a rest now and again where some thought had struck him on his first perusal. He was very fond to be epigrammatic. He once said of Carlyle, 'He is German mad in general, and Goethe mad in particular.' Parodying his own weak word, it may be said of him, 'He was Scotch mad in general, and Carlyle mad in particular.' One result of his Scotch and Carlyle fever was the advertisement quoted above. When he brought it to me I offered many objections as to the advisability of publishing it, but they were of no avail. Only one of them staggered him for a minute. I said, 'A chief characteristic of greatness is modesty; now no modest man will answer your advertisement.' The blank look soon left his face and he said, 'Modesty is the unconscious recognition of one's place and condition. The conduct of a modest maiden is not that of a modest matron; yet the downcast eyes of the one, and the serene forthright glance of the other, are the height of modesty. It would be immodest on the part of a great man to deny that he is great; so would it be to trumpet his greatness; but now, when the country yearns for him and calls him, let him come forth and declare himself, not blatantly, but by great words and great deeds.' I let him alone.

Applications soon began to pour in, half a dozen every day. These he did not open before me; nor did he ever say anything about their contents. A large number of them would, of course, be begging letters. Artful dodgers of all sorts could not be expected to let such a chance slip; and I have no doubt they reaped a considerable harvest, as his innocence and kindliness would respond to every sad or desperate case with an open hand. About three weeks after the first appearance of his advertisement his visits to me began to grow shorter. I observed also that he no longer gave himself up to an unreserved outpouring of the thoughts and dreams of the previous day, as had formerly been his habit. He appeared to be preoccupied, and fidgeted about the room like a hen on a hot girdle. One morning he did not come at all. It was then my turn to fidget; but a note apologizing for his non-appearance that morning and inviting me to dine at his house that evening with a Mr. Pourie dispelled my uneasiness. I conjectured that Mr. Pourie was an applicant for the situation of Great Man for Scotland, and saw at once an explanation of the change in Dunshalt's behavior. I went in my best coat, which was only a frock and rather green. During dinner nothing of any importance was said, politics and agriculture being the staple of conversation. Mr. Pourie spoke quietly and reasonably. He was a little taller than Dunshalt, but might have passed for his brother. Dunshalt's head was like a reduced

copy of Melancthon's, except the hair, which was golden, nor was the forehead quite so high. Pourie's brow was less prominent than Dunshalt's, and there was a keenness in his eye contrasting strongly with the languor of the other's—the general resemblance, however, was very extraordinary.

At length, when dessert had been served, Dunshalt broke the ice by saying with great deference—'There is one subject, Mr. Pourie, of perennial importance, about which I would like to hear what you have to say, the subject of education.'

Mr. Pourie cleared his throat, and his eyes twinkled in an almost roguish manner. I was watching him closely. He saw that, and seemed to be conscious of the revelation in his eyes, for they at once assumed a look as open and earnest as Dunshalt's. He set down his wine glass, rested his folded arms on the table, and said, 'All men are either Philistines or poets. Children are all poets. Schools and universities are factories for the conversion of poets into Philistines. Businesses of all kinds and Churches of all creeds aid in the process. The world is Philistine, and begins as soon as a child is born to whip and bully it into Philistinism. How is this to be remedied? An endeavor to carry out a sweeping reform would only raise a dust that might choke the reformers. We must sprinkle water and clear a little corner. Of all the things forbidden to children, forbidden books are the most tempting. They beg them from their comrades, they save their pennies to buy them. To forbid the average child any book is to insure that it will be read. Now, here is my proposal. Let a cheap series of "Books for Boys" be published, including Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," Fielding's and Smollett's novels, Byron's "Don Juan," the first series of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," a translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and all other books of less note which at present are locked away from children like costly dainties. By this means the unwholesome effects of education would be antidoted, and the children preserved from Philistinism. The reform begun in themselves, they would extend when their time came. I see in your eyes the question, "What about the girls?" That demur is prompted by a remnant of Philistinism in yourself. The girls would read these books all the more eagerly because of their being called "Books for Boys." Like the boys those of them whose natures were higher would rise above any animalism which may be found in some of the books I have mentioned; the others would not. What more would you have? Water might be sprinkled on the dust by a short preface containing something to this effect. "One aim of the publishers is to prevent immorality. These books are read by both sexes of all ages. If they be read in childhood they will not need to be read at a more advanced stage of life when stronger passions might be led astray by them. We also desire to have the books in this series regarded as what they really are, "Books for Boys, written, or at least imagined in boyhood, to be abandoned with other childish things, on the attainment of manhood."'

'This has some life in it,' said Dunshalt, 'and can be tried at once. By the by, I think you suggested the other day some change in the structure of cities.'

Pourie saw that he was being exhibited to me, and appeared uneasy. With an effort he shook off the air of annoyance that Dunshalt's questioning had produced, drank a glass of wine, and at it again; and again I saw the roguish twinkle in his eye, illuminating it for an instant, like a flash of lightning. His eye alone seemed a little beyond his control.

'A city is the most amazing monstrosity produced by civilization: that is just saying that civilization itself is a monstrosity. Consider the green forests that are shorn for wood and the shapely hills that are cut up for stone. What is given us instead? Dead masonry and carpentry. Have you ever walked in the west end of a city at midnight? It is like walking in a graveyard paved with tombstones and crowded with mausoleums. It is a temporary graveyard, with beds for coffins and sleep for death. A carriage rumbles along, wheeling some tired maiden from a butterfly life in the ball-room to a chrysalis death in her bedroom. You think of the city when it will be a ruin, and you see that the rich merchants who have reared these streets of stately mansions have only built their tombs. If the inhabited quarters are graveyards, what are the business streets after midnight? They are empty tombs. In them in the morning their owners bury themselves; at night there is a resurrection from one grave to another, from business to bed, and sometimes the hell called pleasure intervenes. Cover up such a life from the light of day. Build a huge arcade over Glasgow and light it with gas; it is an eyesore to the sun. Wall it round and encompass it with soldiers. Charge half a guinea for a sight of the stars, one guinea to see the moon, and two to

see the sun. Then would people begin to know that the stars are finer than footlights—they would yearn for the moon and sun. I fear there is no remedy for cities but the fire of doomsday.

Dunshalt bowed his head profoundly and opened his mouth to speak. Pourie, anxious to avoid the whip with which he was being put through his paces, anticipated him. Sitting back in his chair, still with his arms folded, he skipped about from one subject to another to keep his tongue going.

'Solomon's words,' he said, 'are quoted in some publications every day; and in two senses they are true; there is no end to the books that are made, and the making of them serves no end. What is to be done, say, with the novels? Make novel-writing and novel-reading heresy, and re-light the fires of Smithfield? Get every novelist to make out a list of all the books he intends to write and pay him double what he may expect for them on condition that he stays his pen? Could not the Spiritualists summon Moses with his rod to bid the plague cease? When will the people cease to follow lies? I would have both Houses of Parliament remodelled. Upon the introduction of a bill, as soon as it should be read, I would have the members to retire into ante-rooms, where, locked up separately, they might have time to consider undisturbedly the measure brought before them. When any member's mind was made up, a revolving panel, one side inscribed "No," the other "Yes," would speak for him to the teller. As soon as he had voted each member would be liberated. The length and gravity of the bill would determine the duration of the time for meditation. Upon its expiration each member who had not voted would be required to do so. This method would prevent debate, which is the greatest obstruction to the business of both Houses.'

These last words were just out of his mouth when he turned pale and started from his chair, looking, as I afterward remembered, intently out of the window. He said he felt unwell, and would retire for a little. Dunshalt offered to accompany him. He thanked him, but said it was needless. I felt a little awkward, and in order to make the time run smoothly till Pourie should return, went forward to a case of coins and medals in a dark corner of the room. The last time I had seen this case it had been full; now more than half of its contents were gone. I asked Dunshalt what he had done with his coins; but before he could reply the sound of wheels on the gravel called us to the window. A gig with two men in it drove up to the door. They both came out, and one of them rang the bell. Without waiting till it should be answered, they entered the house together. Their freedom led the servant to suppose they were expected, and she showed them unquestioned up-stairs. One of them who had rung the bell and who led the way into the room—a man with a pleasant voice and a full eye, asked immediately on entering if Mr. Thomson were in the house?—'No.'

'A man named Jacobs, then?'—'No.'

'Howit?'—'No.'

'Very singular,' said the stranger.

'Very,' said Dunshalt. 'Who are you?'

'Come, come, it won't do. You know well enough.'

With this the intruders placed themselves on either side of Dunshalt. Perfectly at sea, he asked them what they meant. Both of them sprang to the window without answering. We followed, led as they were by the sound of a machine on the gravel. It was the gig they had come in, and Mr. Pourie was driving it. As he passed through the gate, he turned a smiling face toward the window and shook the whip exultantly over his head. The two detectives, as we now apprehended them to be, briefly apologizing to Dunshalt for mistaking him for Pourie, called for horses. Dunshalt had none. Try the Dunshalt Arms. They got a gig there, but the horses were useless compared with the fast animals in their own machine, and Thomson Jacobs Howit Pourie got off that time. Besides all his valuable coins, Dunshalt had to mourn the loss of most of his jewelry, a cash box, and a good part of his plate.

About a year after, as tenderly as possible, I referred to Mr. Pourie one morning when Dunshalt was particularly commonplace and worldly. He shook his head and said, 'He was a great man, but his morality was peculiar.'

American Diplomacy.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

AMERICAN diplomacy succeeds better in great transactions than in small. Unlike all other great Powers, the United States have no diplomatic service or profession. Any conspicuous politician of the dominant party may reasonably look to a foreign mission as a legitimate reward of his services in Congress or in

the management of elections. One exception has been customarily made in the selection of the Minister to England. For many years the holders of the office have, for the most part, been personally eminent; and in the instances of Mr. Everett, Mr. Motley, and the present Minister, the American Government has justly estimated the personal and social value of literary distinction. Mr. Adams, who represented the Republic during the whole course of the Civil War, displayed judgment and ability not unworthy of his hereditary claim to respect. Mr. Buchanan, who was less acceptable in this country than almost any of his predecessors or successors, was so considerable a personage that he passed at one step from the English Legation to the Presidency of the United States. Although diplomatic intercourse with English Foreign Secretaries is facilitated by the use of a common language, and by similar habits of thought, the place of American Minister in London is not always a bed of roses. The tone of despatches from the Secretary of State is often so peremptory that it must be embarrassing to communicate them to a friendly Government, and the unfortunate diplomatist must be prepared to incur the candid criticism of Irish-Americans and of those who court their favor. Mr. Lowell probably appreciates at their just value demonstrations that he is a sycophant or traitor because he may not have undertaken the impossible task of protecting some assassin of ambiguous nationality from the gallows. The larger and more respectable part of the community will not think that a Minister is less loyal to his own country because he is a *persona grata* in English society.

Although some able and accomplished Americans have represented the Republic at other European Courts, especially at Madrid, indifference both to personal fitness and to diplomatic knowledge has often produced its natural results. An American Minister at Naples once shouted from the deck of a packet a personal defiance, which he requested the hearers to transmit to the King, because in common with his fellow-passengers he had incurred the excommunication of the quarantine. During the Civil War one Mr. Cassius Clay, a relative of the celebrated statesman, reported to the Secretary of State, in a despatch which was afterward published by the department, an audience at which the Emperor Alexander II. addressed him, as he said, 'in excellent American.' It may be doubted whether a great nation consults its own dignity by the choice of such representatives, but there is little danger of results injurious to American interests. More skilful diplomatists discharge the function of professional advisers in conducting international discussions with dispassionate courtesy; when serious differences are the subject of negotiation, diplomacy is efficacious only as it has force at its back. A threat uttered by a litigant who is able and willing to put it into execution loses little or nothing of its force because it may be rudely expressed. The United States are feared or loved by other Powers, without regard to the temper or the manners of the Ministers whom they employ. A veteran English diplomatist, giving evidence some years ago before a Committee of the House of Commons, was asked by Mr. Bright, or by some member holding similar opinions, why American Ministers were generally capable and successful. He answered that they were, for the most part, exceptionally ignorant of their business. Their frequent success was the natural consequence of the force which would in case of need be ultimately at their disposal.

The relations between England and the United States, though they are occasionally strained, have not been profoundly disturbed by recent correspondence on the execution of a few ruffians who claimed to be American citizens. A troublesome question might have arisen if O'Donnell had thought fit to perpetrate his murder of Carey on shore or on board a foreign vessel. An English subject may be tried in England for a murder committed in any part of the world; but it is only when the crime is committed on English soil or on board an English ship that a foreigner can be held to account before an English tribunal. The assassin might probably have proved himself an American citizen if it had been necessary to ascertain his nationality. Notwithstanding the clear provisions of international law, the House of Representatives, at the instigation of Fenian ringleaders, thought proper to pass a Resolution requiring the American Minister in England to afford protection to O'Donnell. The Lower House of Congress has often been guilty of similar improprieties, with the result of commanding little respect in comparison with the other branches of the Government. Its present indiscretion was so flagrant that the proposer of the motion, Mr. Hewett, called on Mr. Sackville West, the English Minister, to explain that his object had been to prevent some more violent resolution. His supposed apology was indignantly noticed in the House, and referred for further investigation to a

Committee. As might have been expected, Mr. West had nothing to say, and the Commission was obliged ultimately to report that it could obtain no information on the subject. The House consequently abandoned further inquiry, and it has since engaged in a still more remarkable departure from its proper functions of legislation and of political supervision.

The odd little squabble in which the American Minister at Berlin finds himself engaged will have no serious consequences. The emigration from North Germany to America is naturally irritating to a Government which has thousands of able-bodied conscripts converted into American citizens. The United States on their part have no quarrel with Germany, though some temporary estrangement may result from an awkward and yet frivolous diplomatic miscarriage. In this case the Minister at Berlin cannot be held responsible for either of two successive blunders, though he is supposed not to have made himself acceptable to the German Government; or, in other words, to the Chancellor. The importation of pork and bacon from the United States into Germany having been suspended on the ground of suspected disease, Mr. Sargent expressed in a despatch to the Secretary of State his opinion that the measure had really been adopted for the purpose of protecting native produce under color of sanitary precaution. By communicating to Congress a despatch which was evidently confidential, Mr. Frelinghuysen gave just cause of offence against his own Government, and against its representative at Berlin. Since the publication of the obnoxious correspondence Mr. Sargent has been treated with marked coldness, and he has occasionally been attacked by the Ministerial journals. Before the former cause of irritation had ceased to operate, he was by no fault of his own required to give fresh offence to Prince Bismarck's delicate susceptibilities. On this occasion the House of Representatives was exclusively to blame for want of tact, though its intentions were probably innocent. Mr. Lasker, lately leader of the Liberal party in the German Parliament, died during a visit to the United States, and the House of Representatives, under an amiable impulse, passed a unanimous vote of condolence to the Diet, with a clause expressive of agreement with Mr. Lasker's political opinions. It is evident that a formal judgment on the internal policy of a foreign State is impertinent and indecorous, though the objection might perhaps have been waived but for the publication of Mr. Sargent's unfortunate criticism. Mr. Frelinghuysen had probably no choice but to transmit the vote of the House to Mr. Sargent, who again forwarded the document to the Foreign Office at Berlin, with a request that it might be communicated to the Diet. Prince Bismarck may perhaps not have regretted the opportunity of inflicting a rebuff on the American Minister and his Government, and his disclaimer on Thursday must not be taken too seriously. The robust principles of interpreting the duties of a Christian which he also laid down are characteristic, and, in face of the mealy-mouthedness which sometimes characterizes modern politics, not disagreeable. It is the fact that he formally declined to forward the Resolution to the Diet, on the ground that it expressed opinions in which he could not concur, and his defence in the Reichstag was a simple amplification of this. It would, as he pathetically explained, be impossible for him to urge on the Emperor the sanction of a statement that a principal opponent of his Government had pursued a laudable course. The newspaper attacks on Mr. Sargent were immediately renewed, though he seems to have been wholly blameless. The rejection of the proposed communication through the German Minister at Washington was received by Mr. Frelinghuysen with dignified indifference. The matter, as he suggested, concerned the German Government alone; and he had nothing further to say on the subject.

The irrepressible House of Representatives may perhaps not be equally discreet. A Republican member has proposed a Resolution, in which reference is made to the temporary predominance of 'a too powerful subject.' The position of Prince Bismarck in Prussia and in Germany concerns an American Legislature as little as the guilt and the punishment of O'Donnell. The proposed Resolution will probably not emerge from the archives of the Foreign Affairs Committee to which it has been referred. Among the many felicities of the American people and of their Constitution is the impunity with which the nominees of universal suffrage may blunder. The House of Representatives would perhaps be more reserved if its members were not aware that its occasional indiscretions are comparatively harmless. Foreign relations are really, as well as nominally, conducted by the President and the Secretary of State, with some occasional interference on the part of the Senate. It is not known that there is at present any serious difference between England and the United States, except that the informal

remonstrance against toleration of the dynamite conspiracy may too probably be found ineffectual. The Government of the United States has no criminal jurisdiction, and it has scarcely any means of exercising influence on the legislation of the several States. It may be added that conscious security has inclined public opinion in America to tolerate almost any violence of language, even when ruffians of the Rossa type publicly demand and acknowledge subscriptions for murder. There are signs of a change of feeling in consequence of the recent outrages; but the movement would not be encouraged by the application of external pressure.

Current Criticism

A PLEA FOR LITERARY RUBBISH:—When a great poet writes rubbish, is an editor bound carefully to reproduce it for all future time? when he has written what even a partial editor is forced to call 'filthy stuff,' is it well to give the filth a new life in a splendid library edition? It is easier, especially in the case of Dryden, to ask such a question than to answer it. There may be much in his plays that is worthless, but to Bowdlerize them would be as impossible as to produce a family edition of Etheredge's 'She Would if She Could' or of Wycherley's 'Plain Dealer.' In all these cases the grossness pervades the dramas. In Dryden the reader is conscious of it in every comedy, although not always to the same degree, and it is impossible to agree with Mr. Saintsbury that in his moral estimate of these plays Scott is usually rather unjust.—*The Athenæum*.

WHO ARE THE DRAMATIC ACTORS?—An article on Mr. Irving, appearing in the new number of *The Century*, by an American critic who, at all events, weighs his words and knows how to write, will be read, we imagine, with a measure of curiosity and approval. The writer, who seeks to be analytical, and follows nearly all the American performances in detail, undoubtedly desires to do justice to Mr. Irving. As a matter of fact, however, we do not think he does it, for he allows too much to the actor, seeing that he is not willing to go a step farther and allow something more. That he should praise Mr. Irving as a manager, of course, counts for nothing. *Cela va sans dire*—even with the opponents of the tragedian. But he allows that beneath his mannerisms there lies the complete command of all artistic resources, used with the utmost flexibility and intelligence—with a thorough understanding of the character he essays to portray. And yet somehow the final verdict is that he is not to be placed in the front rank, with the actors of inspiration—with dramatic actors. Who are these, one wonders? And what are their qualifications for their post? The critic answers neither question. To the end he is neat, but not convincing.—*The Academy*.

POPE LEO'S POETRY:—The lines seem generally, as far as we can judge from the specimens before us, to be smooth and classical in form; but the chief and permanent interest of the volume will lie, of course, in its frequent biographical allusions, from the time of the author's early childhood down to the present day, and in the evidence it affords of classical tastes and pursuits, for which neither Popes nor *Papalini* have of late years been remarkable. And the circumstance mentioned by the editor, of his Holiness's intimate familiarity with both Virgil and Dante, shows that in his case this habit of mind has been cherished through life. Dante is indeed the great Catholic poet of the middle ages, and there is a close affinity between the teachings of the *Divina Commedia* and of Aquinas, which may help to explain the predilection of the present Pope for it. But it seems that he is equally at home in Virgil and Horace, and here no such secondary interest can have prompted his choice. It may further be observed that the volume reflects a pleasing light on the simplicity, devoutness, and natural sympathy of the personal character of Leo XIII. We see his patience and trust in the Divine mercy under severe illness, his playful rallying of one companion, and urgent warning of another, whom he feared to be straying into forbidden paths, his affection for his sister and loyalty to his friends.—*The Saturday Review*.

HEINE'S CHILDHOOD:—The second and third instalments of Heine's memoirs give excellent descriptions of the poet's mother and uncle. His mother he describes as a highly educated and able woman, who tried to bring up her son on the principles of Rousseau's 'Emile,' and kept poetry and romances carefully out of his way, even forbidding the servants to tell the child stories. Of his uncle, who had been a pupil of the Jesuits, he gives a charming description. He exercised a great influence upon the boy. In a garret in his uncle's house he found all sorts of relics—his mother's cradle, his grandfather's wig and

sword, a stuffed parrot that had belonged to his grandmother, and, above all, a pocket-book of his grand-uncle, who had travelled in the East and had afterwards figured at several German courts, but eventually had had to take refuge in London, after being detected in an intrigue with some great lady.—*The Athenæum*.

DR. JOHNSON'S FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS :—Johnson was singularly fortunate in his female friendships. Of this we have ample proofs in the volume of 'Johnsoniana,' which is appropriately edited by a lady. Here is not only Mrs. Piozzi's delightful little volume printed entire, but also extracts from the Letters of Hannah More and from the Diary of Mme. d'Arblay, besides Mrs. Hill Boothby's Letters and some 'Recollections' by Miss Reynolds. A man must have had high qualities of heart, as well as of head, to have attracted such regard from such women, especially when we remember that, though generally courteous to ladies, he did not confine his rough sayings to his own sex, and that he sometimes treated women in a way that might be described as brutality tempered with compliments. Thus he says of Hannah More, in her presence, 'It is dangerous to say a word of poetry before her: it is talking of the art of war before Hannibal.' At another time he 'was really angry with' her for admitting having read 'Tom Jones,' saying that, 'this is a confession that no modest lady would make.'—*H. Sargent, in The Academy*.

ADDISON'S MORALS :—There is a school of living critics which maintains that there is no connection between art and morality; in the last century, on the contrary, art may be said to have been somewhat overburdened with morality. The utter disregard of all principle and of common decency displayed by the Restoration dramatists, and by such prose writers as Aphra Behn and Mrs. Manley, led possibly to the demand, in the time of Addison and Pope, that literature should point a moral,—or, at least, pretend to do so. If this moral was not placed in the front of the piece, it was inevitable that it should be tacked on to the end of it, like a tail to a kite. Addison had his moral also. It pervades everything he wrote; but so artfully does he make use of it, that the reader is never bored, or unpleasantly conscious of a purpose. He teaches without growing dogmatic, and satirizes by means of the most delicate irony.—*The Spectator*.

CHINESE LOVE OF LITERATURE :—A Chinaman is nothing if not literary. It is the one accomplishment which he and his ancestors before him have cultivated above all others, and it is the one in which he chiefly excels. It is the key which opens the door to official life and is the passport for admittance into cultivated society. Fighting has no charms for him, and, unlike his Aryan fellow-men, he regards the military profession with a considerable amount of contempt. Even among the unlettered class little enthusiasm is aroused by deeds of warlike prowess, however daring they may be, but the winner of either of the four highest grades in the examinations, 'Chwang yuen,' 'Pang yen,' 'T'an hwa,' or 'Ch'uen lu,' becomes at once a popular hero. Natural inclination, personal interest, and popular feeling are thus all on the side of literature, and the result is that letters as letters are held in higher esteem in China than in any other country in the world.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

LOUIS J. SWINBURNE is about to publish a volume of ten essays on English Romanticism. His health has compelled him to spend the last four years at Colorado Springs in the Rocky Mountains, where the difficulty of getting the books he needed has been a source of much discouragement to him.

Lieutenant John Bigelow, U. S. A., has in press a volume of military studies on some leading battles of the last French war. The principal feature of this work will be original maps of special use to military students.

W. R. Worthington has published the only library edition of the Queen's book issued here. All the others have been paper-covered. This edition is well printed, and contains reproductions by photo-engraving of the steel-plate portraits that accompanied the English edition.

Mr. Ruskin's two lectures on 'The Stormcloud of the Nineteenth Century' are to be published next month. The poems and drawings of Miss Alexander, a Boston lady whose talents are much admired by Mr. Ruskin, will be published under his auspices. The book is to be called 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany,' and will be in ten parts, the first of which is nearly ready. Each part will contain two drawings, reproduced by the platinotype process.

An exceedingly interesting article on Kairwan—the sacred city of Tunis, only recently opened to Christian observation,—by A. F. Jackass, with fifteen illustrations from drawings of the author, will appear in *Harper's* for May. In Colonel Higginson's 'The Era of Good Feeling' in the same number, there will be full-page portraits of James Monroe and Henry Clay.

From the *Philadelphia Press* we learn that Lieutenant-Governor Black is about to publish two volumes entitled 'The Essays and Speeches of Jeremiah S. Black,' which will be a reproduction of the most important addresses of the late distinguished jurist and statesman, literary, political and forensic, together with his most interesting magazine articles and the whole series of his controversial letters. The Lieutenant-Governor has begun to gather materials for the biography of his father, but has no hope of having it ready for the press before the end of two or three years.

George Routledge & Sons announce an edition of 300 sets of Fielding's novels, in five volumes each.

A German scholar has corrected in Byron's 'Prisoner of Chillon' a very singular error which crept into Murray's eight-volume edition of 1815–20 and four-volume edition of 1823, as well as into many other English editions, that of 1867 excepted. The numerous German editions—Tauchnitz, Baer (1852), Henig, Fischer's critical edition of the poem (1877)—perpetuate the same error, though the Brockhaus edition of 1867 is free from it. The passage is as follows:

'They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd [misprinted *pin'd*] in heart.'

Thomas Whittaker will shortly issue a new and cheaper edition, complete in one volume, of Lacordaire's *Conferences*, heretofore published in separate volumes. The same publisher has in preparation an edition of the 'Prophecies of Isaiah,' by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls announce 'Sappho,' a new novel by Alphonse Daudet to be issued simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. They have concluded arrangements with M. Daudet, they say, for the exclusive control of the translation into English of his new works, and of their sale in this country, and in England and her colonies.

Dr. Henry B. Smith's 'Complete System of Theology,' edited by Professor Karr of the Hartford Theological Seminary, will soon be issued by A. C. Armstrong & Son, who declare that, owing to the favorable circumstances under which it has been edited, 'the volume is as complete, and as fully represents the author's theological views and method, as could anything not issued under his own supervision.'

A second edition of Koehler's 'Art Directory and Year-Book' will be issued soon, by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Its size has been enlarged. It will include a chronicle of the art events of the past year throughout the United States, and seventy-six illustrations, most of them full-page.

Dr. George MacDonald has written an introductory essay and critical notes for a text of the first folio of 'Hamlet' which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Longmans. Hamlet is a favorite study with Dr. MacDonald, and, it will be remembered, was the subject of his most popular lecture in America, some years ago.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have published a pamphlet of selections from Byrant's poetical works, compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon, as one of their series of Leaflets from Standard Authors.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has written a series of poems for *The Independent*, the first two of which appear in its current issue.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have in press a new work by Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D., of Washington, D. C., entitled 'Resurrection in Nature and Revelation: an Argument and a Meditation.' The book was suggested by a personal bereavement, and is designed to be consolatory to the bereaved.

'Old Year Leaves,' by H. T. Mackenzie Bell (London: Elliot Stock), professes to be a volume of original verse, but resembles a verbatim report of the improvisations of some exhilarated parrot, rather than anything of human origin. The author—assuming his existence—is a British Jingo, with a profound admiration for Thought—probably on the *omne ignotum* principle.

No one can yet tell when the Revised Old Testament will appear, but it is hoped that it will be ready before the close of the year. The American Company will probably finish their part of the work in May, and the English Company expect to hold their last meeting in July.

W. R. Worthington has just ready a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, a work that has held its own for many years, and in certain respects is not yet distanced by its rivals. For the family library, Chambers's Encyclopædia possesses peculiar qualifications.

The Journal of Proceedings and Addresses of the National Educational Association for 1884 contains a dozen essays of interest on industrial and educational topics. The papers of greatest interest are those of Dr. W. T. Harris on 'The Educational Lessons of the Census' and Dr. Atticus Haygood's 'If Universal Suffrage, then Universal Education,' with illustrations drawn chiefly from the negro states. The elevation of the negro is of supreme importance in any plan looking to a solution of these problems.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes pointedly and well on 'Literature for Children' in the last number of *The North American Review*. His plea is for more child-life and more children,—i. e., fewer manikins, *homunculi*, grown-up babies that discuss the transcendental philosophy in slips and trundle syllogisms instead of hoops.

In the *Literarisches Centralblatt* for January 19th, Abbé Liszt has a very interesting article on 'The Gipsies and Their Music in Hungary.' Essentially digressive, *feuilletonist*, the article abounds in wit, fancy, and eloquence, and tells of Liszt's personal relations with the gypsies. In the same periodical Bugge contrives anew to throw discredit on the new school of 'Etruscologists.' The *table d'hôte* of this and the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* is a truly formidable exhibit of the powers of German digestion.

Messrs. Scribner's series of Stories by American Authors is inaugurated this week. It is gayly bound in Chinese yellow and lettered in black. The stories given in this series have appeared before in magazines but never in book-form.

Funk & Wagnalls have just issued (1) the third and last volume of 'The Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge,' (2) Meyer on 'Romans,' edited by Dr. Dwight, and (3) Parker's 'Apostolic Life.'

At to-night's concert of the Symphony Society, Beethoven's 'Grand Quartet in C-sharp Major,' scored for full orchestra by Karl Mueller-Berghaus, will be given for the first time in America.

The late Dutton Cook, whose posthumous book 'On the Stage' has just been published in London, was the dramatic critic of the *London World*, the gazette of gossip and personalities which Mr. Edmund Yates publishes weekly. After Mr. Cook's death, the dramatic department of *The World* was managed by Mr. Yates himself. It is with pleasure that we learn that Mr. William Archer, one of the sharpest of English critics, will hereafter take the place the editor has filled so ill.

'The Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer' is the odd title of an oddly constructed love-story which Messrs. Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner have written for the *May Manhattan*. Certain of the same characters appear also in 'The Rival Ghosts,' a story which Mr. Matthews has written for the *May Harper's*.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something about the part Americans have taken in the compilation of the Philological Society's Dictionary. Dr. Murray, the editor, makes special acknowledgments to Fitzedward Hall, Grant White, G. P. Marsh, F. A. March, Dr. J. Pierson of Ionia, Michigan (who furnished 36,000 quotations—next to the largest number), Prof. G. M. Phillips of West Chester, Pa., and Dr. H. Phillips of Philadelphia (both of whom sent in upward of 10,000 quotation slips), A. Scott of Blackstone, Mass., Rev. B. Talbot of Columbus, O., and James Russell Lowell.

It is singular that the publishers of the leading book-trade journals in this country and in England should have died on the same day, March 31st, and it is also a noteworthy coincidence that both men should have been born in Germany. The death of Mr. Frederick Leypoldt is a serious loss to the American booktrade. He took an enthusiastic interest in all that pertained to the publishing business, and did more work that resulted to their advantage than he could easily have been paid for in dollars and cents. Mr. Leypoldt came to this country at the age of seventeen, and began business with Mr. F. Chris-

tern. In 1859 he established a bookstore and circulating library in Philadelphia, and in 1865 came to New York and began business as a publisher under the firm name of Leypoldt & Holt, now Henry Holt & Co. Later he retired from the publishing of books and established *The Publishers' Weekly*. The great work of his life was the American Catalogue completed in 1880, which was a pecuniary loss to its projector. Mr. Leypoldt was an indefatigable worker, and his death was the direct result of too close application. Mr. Nicholas Trübner who died in London on the same day was a bookseller, publisher and bibliographer, and proprietor of *The Publishers' Circular*. His shop on Ludgate Hill, well known to Americans, was a sort of international headquarters. Mr. Trübner was born at Heidelberg in 1817.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 645.—1. Can you name to me a Society of Authors who would admit a German novelist on application? 2. How can I procure a constitution of the Century Club or the Authors' Club? Where do they meet?

HOBOKEN, N. J. G. B.
[1. No. The only way to become a member of either club is either by means of general reputation or personal acquaintance with members. Neither club admits members on application, as they are entirely social institutions. 2. Write to the Secretary of The Century, 109 East 15th Street. The Century meets at that address. The Authors' Club meets at the homes of its members.]

No. 646.—Who wrote 'Woman once made the equal of man becomes his superior'?

BROOKLYN, N. Y. W.

No. 647.—1. Are the Harvard Memorial Biographies still in print, and if so, where can I get them, and at what price? 2. Has any good memoir of Col. Robert G. Shaw been published? 3. In noticing the story of 'Mrs. Knollys,' published in *The Century*, for November, 1885, THE EDITOR spoke of the author as having made use of an actual occurrence, accounts of which had been going the round of the newspapers. I failed to see any account of it. Where can I find one?

Box 26, BERKELEY, CAL. F. D.
[3. We cannot remember in what papers the incident was recorded, but it appeared in several. The scene was Norway or Sweden, we believe. The story was that forty years after a young lover or bridegroom had been lost on a glacier, his body came to the surface. The woman who came to recognize it was, of course, gray-haired and wrinkled, while the youth's features had been kept precisely as they were forty years before. Possibly the story was copied from an English paper. Possibly it was a pure invention. In either case it was improved by the treatment it received at the hands of 'J. S., of Dale.']

No. 648.—What books or magazine articles can I find on the subject of etching, not necessarily technical works, but general or historical information on the subject?

PHILADELPHIA, PA. E. H. S.
[Mr. P. G. Hamerton's work is the best on the subject, we believe. On page 425 of Poole's Index to Periodical Literature you will find numerous references to magazine articles under the title Etching.]

ANSWERS.

No. 631.—Malcom's Theological Index gives quite a list of works and monographs on angels. The 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' (Vol. I., 768. Vol. II., 108) is quite exhaustive on the subject. Dwight's Discourses, Nos. 18 and 19, are full of interesting references in this connection. One of Robert Hall's sermons, from Heb. I., 14, is on the subject of angels.

SWANTON, VT. J. H. BABBITT.

No. 640.—This Italian poem, which I think has its first line for title, is by Vittorelli. I find it in Robello's 'Grammaire Italienne.' The same poem, set to music, can probably be found at any music store.

LYNN, MASS. L. F. S. B.

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